

## ALBERT PIKE OF ARKANSAS, SOL-DIER, POET AND MASON. OR OR OR OR

THE CAREER OF A NOTED AUTHOR 



N her biographical sketch of her father, Mrs. Lillian Pike Roome of Washington gives a short history of the career of an interesting personality. General Pike's poems have been collected and published recently by Mr. Allsopp of Little Rock. After the title page this sentence, written by Albert Pike, appears: "When I am dead I wish my monument to be builded only in the hearts and memories of my brethren

of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite." General Pike was born in Massachusotts, traveled through the Southwest, made his home in Arkansas, then in Memphis, Tenn. and finally in Washington, where he sied, His name and his fame have been so long identified with the State of Arkansas that he is usually called an Arkansus man. He ewon his first recognition in that State, and she claims him for her own. Writing of his work, an Arkansas lady has said: "His name must necessarily stand at the head of the list of Arkaneas authors, for it was In this State he composed nearly, if not all, of his famous poems, and it was of the State he loved so well he wrote and

sens with exceeding sweetness." Albert Pike was born in Boston, Mass., on December 29, 1809, writes his daughter In her sketch. His father died when he was but a child; his mother was a woman of fine character, though somewhat austere in hen ideas of training. The History of Esnex County, Massachusetts, has this to say

"The Pikes, from the first settlement of the town of Newbury, to which they cam-pioneers with Parker and his followers in ploneers that I have been noted for intelligence, lib-erality of opinious and independence of ac-tion. We should expect to find the descendants of such men, what we have found them, energetic, not appalled at difficul-ties, determined for what was right in their minds, and brave in defense of their sent Such was Nicholas Pike the friend of George Washington, and the planter of the liberty tree in front of his residence in branches of which arch State

ulon Montgomery Pike, who explored the Rocky Mountains, gave name to Pike's Peak, and died in battle in the war of 1812. Such is the poet-soldier, Albert Pike, one of the heroes of Buena Vista, of whom General Taylor made honorable mention.' Albert Pike's father removed to New buryport, Mass, when he was about ears of age, and he was reared there. His ther, he once said to a friend, "was a surneyman shoemaker, who worked hard, paid his taxes, and cave all his children the berefit of an education."

Young Pike had to work hard for his ed-

ucation. At 16, in 1825, he passed in tri-umph a rigid examination and was al-mitted to Harvarl College. Not being able to pay the expenses of a residence in Cambridge, however, he soon after became an assistant teacher in the grammar school at Newburyport, and, at the end of a year, its principal. He continued to teach until 1831, all the time a diligent student, Of his determination to come West his daughter writes: "Although he never in later years referred to it with any expres-sion of bitterness, he lived constantly in an atmosphere of restraint when a boy; for he was a thinker, a student, and a poet; large-minded, high-strung, sensitive, chiv-alrous, munificent, communicative with those he loved, but reserved to strongers

and uncongental persons; ambitious and conscious of his powers, yet diffident and modest; easily depressed by unkind words and sneers, but steadfast in his determination to do something, to be a power in Thrown with rigid Puritans who had little teleration for sentiment and scorned poetry as 'flowery talk,' as they called everything imaginative and ideal It is not to be wondered at that he longed to breathe a freer air, to lead a wider life. Journey to the West.

"He went first to Niagara and then through Cleveland, Cincinnati, Nashville, and Paducah, much of the way on foot, to St. Louis," says Mr. Rufus Griswold in his sketch of Albert Pike. "He left that city in August with a company of forty persons, among whom were two young men beside himself from Newburyport, for Mex-ico; and after much fatigue and privation, arrived at Santa Fe, Nevember 28, 1831.

the residue in belling merchandise throughout the country. Near the close of 1832 he left Taos with a trapping party; traveled around the sources of Red River to the headwaters of the Brazos; separated from the company with four others and came into Arkansas, traveling the last 509 miles on foot, and reaching Fort Smith in November, 'without a rag of clothing, a dol-lar in money, or knowing a person in the in 1836 the "Ode to the Mocking Bird" was Territory.

"He taught school near Van Buren, and wrote articles for the local papers and a series of articles on the political topics of the day, under the nom de plume of Cas ca, which were published in the Little Rock Advocate, the organ of the Whig party." writes his daughter. "These attracted much attention by their admirable literary style, their pungent and epigrammatic tone and cal lore, and above all, the originality and virility that breathed in every line Colonel Crittenden, the most preminent Whig in the State, came to see him, and was as much attracted by his personality as by his writing, and caused him to be offered the position of associate editor of the Advocate. He accepted it, and moved to Little Rock. In that Southern town he found the atmosphere he needed; he was level and admired, his talents were appreclated, he was encouraged to put forth all his powers; there he found fortune and "The Territorial Legislature was in ses

sion when he reached Little Rock, which was in October, 1833, and a few days after he was elected assistant secretary of the Council, and served as such until the end of the session, making, as he said, many saintances and some life-long friends; at the same time working in the Advocate office, learning to set type, and editing, and at intervals rending the first volume of Blackstone, until October, 1834. That winter, when he had read only the first volume Thomas J. Lacy of the Territorial Superior Court gave him a license to practice law." October 19, 1834, he was married to Miss

part of the time as a clerk in a store, and Little Rock, in which he and his family lived until after the close of the Civil War. Publication of Poems. In 1831 he published "Hymns to the

Gods," which were republished, with adlitions, in Blackwood's Magazine for June, 1839. Professor Willson (Christopher North) appended to them a very complimentary notice. In 1834 he published "Prose Sketches published, and this was republished in Blackwood's in March, 1840. From time to time poems appeared in various publica-tions and were always warmly welcomed. In 1854 General Pike printed a collection of his poems for distribution among his friends under the title of "Nugae."

In 1835 he bought the Advocate, and edited it for two years. He then sold it and began an active practice of law, in which he was most successful. It was in 1840 that he was elected attorney of the Real Estate Bank, and in 1842, one of the trustees, hold-ing the two offices in succession for some twelve years, one year of which he was in the military service of the United States, commanding a detachment of troops un der Colonel Archibald Yell. He was Captain of cavalry in 1845, and served distinction, receiving special mention from General Taylor, Here he met Major Rob-ert E. Lee, with whom he corresponded for awhile after the Mexican War.

It was not long after this that, by the tion of a certain Arkansas regiment at the battle of Buena Vista, Pike found himself challenged to fight a duel by John Selden Roane, Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, They met on the field, and, after firing sev eral times, the seconds intervened, and the matter was amicably adjusted, greatly to the relief of the friends of both parties.

General Pike's daughter writes that he

was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1819, where later a high eulogy was pronounced upon him by Daniel Webster. Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin were admitted to Mary Ann Hamilton, at the residence of her guardian, Colonel Terence Farrelly, near the Post of Arkansas. Soon afterward he erected a handsome dwelling in

was long ago forgotten, that I was the first proposer of a Pacific railroad convention. At my suggestion the Legislature of Arkansas invited the Southern States to send delegates to Memphis to form such a con-vention, and it was held accordingly. I in Washington a great portion of the time, could not attend it, and William M. Mc- General Pike left New Orleans, and Pherson of Chicot County (afterwards of St. Louis) was sent as a delegate, I and others paying his expenses. The next year another was held there; which I attended, and then followed others at Charleston, New Orleans and Savannah, at which I was present, rep-resenting Louisiana at Savannah, where I opposed a resolution in favor of a renewal of the slave trade, and afterwards declined to attend the one at Knoxville, because that subject had been agitated and the resolu-

tion was likely to be offered again. After

that, at Charleston, I went to Baton Rouge; was lavited to address the Legislature and

did so, and obtained the passage of a char-ter for a Pacific railroad, with termini on

the Pacific at San Francisco and Guay-

FOUR VALUED COMPLIMENTS.

Having decided that he would like to remove to New Orleans and practice law there, General Pike appeared before the Supreme Court to be examind in accordance with the requirements. This was in '51 or 52. In his autobiography, General Pike says: "The examination in open court was waived, Mr. Chief Justice Slidell saying: The Court is well advised in regard to the into the service of the Confederacy. He legal examination of Mr. Pike, and knows was made a Brigadier General and placed It to be unnecessary to examine him, and in command of the Indian Territory so I was sworn and admitted. I have had Against his protests, records his daughter, but three compilments paid to me that I the Indian regiments were ordered from to the Pavilien at Louisville to listen to in some skirmishes and one battle, under Whig speeches that were to be made there, not thinking of being known by any one, Pea Ridge, a conflict disastrous to the not thinking of being known by any one, Ben P. Guines of Chicot began calling

resolutions I offered in regard to the Creek Indians, some for the Choctaws | Pacific railroad. And the third was in and a few for the Cherotees.

In 1867 Albert Pike threw out the first suggestion of a Pacific railroad, which some in Little Rock may recellect as in should be the Southern Pacific. He says in 1848, and before and after, in charge of the Arsenal there), introduced me to General Scott, who said: 'Captain Pike! Oh! we don't consider him as being any better than one of ourselves." On account of Indian claims which he

sumed practice of law in Arkansas in 1857. Some time in the forties Pike became an Odd Fellow. In 1859 he entered the Masonic Fraternity, and after that gradually seased to be active as an Odd Fellow. He soon became prominent in Masonry, and rapidly advanced to the highest honors. Fay Hempstead, in his "History of Arkansas," says: "General Pike has given much attention to matters of Freemasonry, and is the highest in that order in the entire world." His daughter writes that "he was the most eminent Mason in the world, not solely by virtue of his position in the or-der, but by his scholarly attainments, his admirable treatises on Masonic law and symbolism, his profound knowledge of statecraft, theology and ethnology, and the

questions that concerned the supreme counells of the world." When Arkansas severed her connection with the Union in 1861, Albert Pike went into the service of the Confederacy. He

even balance of his judgment. These qual-ities enabled him to build up the Scottish rite, and to make the Supreme Council for

the Southern jurisdiction the most influ

SUCCESS WITH INDIANS. General Pike was Confederate Commis sioner to the Indians, and made treaties of amity and alliance not only with the civ

ilized tribes, but with the Comanches, Apaches, Klowas and Klekapoos. After the war was over he resided in Memphis for several years. He practiced law there and was editor-in-chief of the Memphis Appeal. In 1868 he removed to Washington City, where he made his home until his death, April 2, 1891. Mrs. Pike died about the time the family removed to Washington. Of their children, only three lived to maturity, two sons and a daughter.

lived to maturity, two sons and a daughter.

He wrote but little poetry in the last twenty years of his life. It was in this period, however, that he wrote his best-known and most popular poem, "Every Year." Of this he wrote two versions and destroyed as far as he could all copies of the first version, as he thought the last one much the better of the two.

Colored "Pat" Donan delivered an address.

Colonel "Pat" Donan delivered an address at Fargo, S. D., April 9, 1891, before the lodge of sorrow, held by the members of the Scottish Rite of that city, in memory of the deceased grand commander, in which he

"Albert Pike was a king am the divine right of merit. A giant in body, in brain, in heart and in soul. So majestic in appearance that wherever he moved, on highway or byway, the wide world over, every passer-by turned to gaze upon him and admire him. Six feet 2 inches tall, with the proportions of a Hercules and the grace of an Apollo. A face and head mass-ive and leonine, recalling in every feature some sculptor's dream of a Grecian god, while his long, wavy hair, flowing down ential body of the rite, and himself to be constituted the arbiter and judge in all over his shoulders, added a strikingly pic-turesque effect. The whole expression of his countenance telling of power, combined with gentleness, refinement and

> "He was the author of more than twenty volumes of Masonic literature, besides the volumes of prose and poetry that gave him general fame. His legal practice brought several fortunes, one fee some years ago amounting to \$100,000. But his er heart and purse were ever open to the appeal of the needy or distressed, and his benefactions were beyond all enumeration. His bounty was reckless in its lavishness. In all the rush of his busy and eventful career he found time to counsel and assist every worthy man or woman who came to him."

> > I worked both late and early, Through rain and mud and enow; I was working for my Sally— 'Twee all the same to Joe.

The last four lines of the first verse given

above I always considered the gem of the

whole series, and it is a wish to rescue this

gem from oblivion that prompts this ar-

Your contributor's other verses I do not

here criticise, though they do not agree

altogether with my own recollection. It should be borne in mind that I am quoting

from memory only—a treasured memory of the early fifties, when "we boys" used to wake the echoes (and most everybody else) about dear old Alton with "Joe Bow-ers" and other time-tried and dearly be-loved ballads.

Permit me now to refer to enother ancient and almost sacred melody—"The Cottage by the Sea." In a recent issue ap-

pear some verses sent to you by a corre-spondent and labeled with this title. The

first verse of this version follows:

But no happiness I see-

Just one year ago to-day, love, I became your happy bride, Changed a mansion for a cottage. To dwell by the riverside. You told me I'd be happy. But no happiness I see—

CHORUS.

And no other's bride I'll be.

For in bridal flowers decked me.

In the cottage by the sea.

This is another "Cottage" altogether from the one I knew. While in this case, as in that of "Joe Bowers," I must depend entirely upon memory, which takes me back over the same fifty years, yet my grip on the fact years of "The Cottage by the Sea".

the first verse of "The Cottage by the Se

is a sure one, and I give it herewith:

Alone, all alone by the seaside he left m

## ✓ FAMOUS POEMS:

The Conquered Banner. (Published by special request.) URL that banner, for 'tis weary; und its staff 'tis drooping dreary, Furl it, fold it, it is best; For there's not a man to wave it, And there's not a sword to save it, And there's not one left to lave it, In the blood which heroes gave it;

And the vallant hosts are scattered Take that banner down; 'tis tattered; Broken is its staff and shattered; Over whom it floated high. Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it; Hard to think there's none to hold it; Hard that those who once unrolled it Now must furl it with a sigh.

And its foes now scorn and brave it; Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Fuel that banner! furl it sadly! Once ten thousands halled it gladly, And ten thousands wildly, madly, Swore it should forever wave; that forman's sword should never Hearts like theirs entwined dissever, Till that flag should float forever their freedom or their grave!

Furl it for the hands that grasped it And the hearts that fondly clasped it, Cold and dead are lying low; And that banner-it is trailing! While around it sounds the walling Oftis people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it! Love the cold, dead hands that bore it! Weep for those who fell before it those who trailed and tore it! But, oh, wildly they deplore it, who furl and fold it so.

Furi that banner! True, 'tis gory, Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory, And 'twill live in song and story, igh its folds are in the dust; its fame on brightest pages, ned by poets and by sages, ill go sounding down the ages, Shall go sounding down the age Furl its folds though now we

Furl that banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently, it is holy:
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever, For its people's hopes are dead!

How Do I Love Thee? HOW do I love thee? Let me count the

ways; I love thee to the depth and brendth and height

My soul can reach when feeling out of slight For the ends of Being and ideal Grace. I love thee to the level of each day's

Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight I love thee freely, as men strive for Right. I love thee purely, as they turn from praise. I love thee with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's

I love thee with a love I seem to lose, With my first saints-I love thee with the Smiles, tears, of all my life-and, if God I shall love thee better after death.

Cherry Ripe.

-Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

There is a garden in her face, Where roses and white lilles blow; A heavenly paradise is that place, Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow; There cherries grow that none may buy, Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

These cherries fairly do inclose Of Orient pearl a double row, Which, when her lovely laughter shows, They look like rosebuds filled with snow Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,

Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry. Her eyes like angels' watch them still: Her brows like bended bows do stand, Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill All that approach with eye or hand. These sacred cherries to come nigh. Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry

Old Daniel Gray.

If I shall ever win the home in heaven For whose sweet rest I humbly pray, In the great company of the forgiven, I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray. Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted

And was not called among the gifted In the prayer-meeting of his neighborhood

He had a few old-fashioned words and Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes. And I suppose that in his prayers and graces I've heard them at least a thousand

I see him now-his form, his face, his motions, His homespun habit and his silver hair, And hear the language of his trite devo Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen

can remember how the sentence sounded-"Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint!"

And how the "conquering and to conquer" The loftier aspirations of the saint. He had some notions that did not improve

He never kissed his children-so they say And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him Less than a horseshoe picked up on his

He had a hearty hatred of oppression And righteous word for sin of any kind; Alas, that the transgressor and transgres

Were linked together in his honest mind He could see naught but vanity in beauty And naught but weakness in a fond caress, And pitled men whose views of Christian

Allowed indulgence in such foolishness, Yet, there were love and tenderness within

And I am told that when his Charley Nor nature's needs nor gentle words could win him

From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side, And when they came to bury little Charley, They found fresh dewdrops in his hair; And on his breast a rosebud gathered early, And guessed, but did not know, who put

Instant in prayer, and fearful most failing, Old Daniel Gray was always in his place. practical old man and yet a dreamer, He thought, in some strange, unlooked-

Honest and faithful, consistent in his call-

ing. Strictly attendant on the means of grace,

for way, His mighty Friend in heaven, the Great Redeemer. Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit, Until in death his patient eye grew dim, And his Redeemer called him to inherit The heaven of wealth long gathered up

So if I ever win the home in heaven, For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray. great company of the forgiven. I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray, -J. G. Hotland.

Our Childhood. Tis sad yet sweet to listen to the south-

wind's gentle swell, And think we hear the music our childhood knew so well:

To gaze out on the even, and the boundless is of air, And feel again our boyhood's wish to roam . This have I done when God drew near like angels there.

come thronging fast;
The forms we loved so dearly in the happy days now gone, beautiful and lovely, so fair to look

upon. Those bright and gentle maidens, who [O fond, O fool, and blind, seemed so formed for bilss, giorious and too heavenly for such a world as this-Whose dark, soft eyes seemed swimming in

o'er brows so sunny bright;

springtime of the year-

Like the changeful gleams of April, they 1 Thy tenderest mother's tenderest words are followed every tear:
They have passed-like hopes-away, and

their loveliness has fled.

Oh! many a heart is mourning that they have fallen with the stem; Yet, oh, it is a lovely death to fade from earth like them!

And yet the thought is suddening to muse on such as they, And feel that all the beautiful are passing

fast away; That the fair ones whom we love grow to each loving breast
Like the tendril of the clinging vine, then perish where they rest.

And we can but think of these, in the soft and gentle spring. When the trees are waving o'er us and the flowers are biossoming; And we know that Winter's coming with his cold and stormy sky,

And the glorious beauty round us is budding but to die! -George D. Prentice.

Giving in Marriage. TO bear, to nurse, to rear, To watch and then to lose:

To see my bright ones disappear, Drawn up like morning dews; To bear, to nurse, to rear. To watch and then to le

Among His own to choose, There are many dreams of gladness that To hear, to heed, to wed. cling around the past,
And from the temb of feeling old thoughts In tears that he, as soon as shed, Will let no longer smart. To hear, to heed, to wed, This whilst thou didst I smiled.

For now it was not God who said. "Mother, give ME thy child." To God I gave with tears: My soul put by her fears.

O fond, O fool, and blind, God guards in happier spheres; That man will guard where he did bind Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed. Fair lot that maidens choose, Thy face no more she views;

Thy mother's lot, my dear, She doth in naught accuse To love-and then to lose

BEST OF ACCEPTED LITERATURE. <

OTHER VERSIONS

OF OLD FAVORITES To the Editor of The Republic HAVING read the old Republican a hall

century ago, and probably most of the time since, I feel privileged to offer amendments to some verses recently printed in your columns, and hope you will kindly yield me a little space for the purpose.

First, permit me to tackle the immortal Missouri classic, "Joe Bowers." In a late issue of your Sunday paper I find this ballad in eight verses. My amendment goes to the fifth and sixth verses, which, instead of your correspondent's version, as follows-When I got to this here country,

I hadn't nary red; I had such wolfish feelings,

I wished myself most dead. At length I went to mining; Put in my biggest licks; Came down upon the bowlders

In rain and sun and srow But it was working for my Sally, So 'twas all the same to Joe.

I made a very lucky strike, As the gold itself did tell.

Should be rendered thus: When I got to that country,

When I got to that country, I hadn't nary red; I had such wolfish feelings, I wished myself most dead; But the thought of my dear Sal Soon made those fellows git,

At last I got to mining.

Childhood's days now pass before me.

Forms and scenes of long ago;
Like a dream they hover o'er me,
Calm and bright as evening's glow;
Days that knew no shade of sorrow,
When my young heart, pure and free,
Joyful halled each coming morrow,
In the cottage by the sea.

Of the remaining verses I have lost all recollection, very much to my regret. Needless to say, it would give me great pleasure to read again a genuine version of the beautiful "Cottage by the Sea."

GEO. W. TUTHILL

## ANSWERED. - LITTLE CLASSICS. - SELECTED MISCELLANY. QUESTIONS

REQUESTS FOR POEMS.

To the Editor of The Republic. WILL you please publish the poem entitled "She Kissed Me," written to an American

LITTLE CLASSICS. ROM brightening fields of other fair-dis Child of the Sun, refulgent Summe He-comes, attended by the sultry hours, And. owe-fanning breezes, on his way.

-Thomas, "Sensons." In oride of youth, and felt through Na-

The production of souls is the secret of Oh, father's gone to market-town, he was up be

fore the day, land Jamio's after robins, and the man is making 'And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that While mother from the kitchen door is calling ith a will. lly! The cows are in the corn! Oh, s Polly?" -R. W. Gitder.

O Love, what hours were thine and mine, In lands of palm and couthern pine; In lands of palm, and orange-blossom, Of clive, aloe, and maize, and vine.

—Tennyson.

But noble souls, through dust and heat, Rise from disaster and defeat The stronger. —Longfellow. Heed not the night; a summer lodge amid the wild is mine-

"Tie shadowed by the tulip-tree, 'tis mantled by the vine. -- Eryan. And let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak.-Bacon.

The rine is the mother of legends.

Under the greenwood tree

Who loves to lie with me,

And time his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither;

No enemy here shall he see,

But winter and rough weather.

—As You Like It.

Is there a tongue like Delia's o'er her cup, there a tongue has been winding up?

That runs for ages without winding up?

—Young.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way? Sees the rose with the control of th

He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a

Is there not some chosen curse, ome hidden thunder in the stores of heaven, ed with uncommon wrath, to blast the man he owes his greatness to his country's ruin —Addison, "Cato. Oh, colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd.
Is that congealing pang which scires
The trusting bosom when betray'd.

--Moore, "Lalia Rookh."

Style! style; why, all writers will tell you that it is the very thing which can least of all be changed. A man's style is nearly as much a part of him as his physi-

pulses-in short, as any part of his being other model than themselves to copy after. which is at least subjected to the action of

Shine out, fair sin, till I have bought a glass,

Stine out, thir sin, this I was I pass.

That I may see my shadow as I pass.

—Richard III. Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

-Love's Labor Lost. He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the

He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit. Let him go abroad to a distant country let him go to some place where he is not known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he is known.-Samuel Johnson.

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books; Superstition is related to this life, re-

ligion to the next, superstition is allied to fatality, religion to virtue; it is by the vivacity of earthly desires that we become superstitious; it is, on the contrary, by the acrifice of these desires that we become religious.-Madame de Stael.

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.
—Fulwer-Lytton. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Wry, so can I, or so can any man But will they come when you do call for them? Hell is more bearable than nothingness .-

Speak sently! 'tis a little thing.

Dropp'd in the heart's deep well; The good, the joy, that it may bring Eleralty shall tell. -G. W. Langford Strengthen me by sympathizing with my strength, not my weakness,-Amos Bronson Alcott.

Small griefs find tengues; full casques are ex found
To give, if any, yet but little sound,
Deep waters noiseless are; and this we know.
That childing streams betray small depth below.
—Herrick.

ilders, raise the ceiling high. Raise the dome into the sky, Hear the wedding sons! For the happy groom is near, Tall as Mars, and stateller, -Sappho. Hear the wedding song! Ah, nothing comes to us too soon but sorrow

He that is down can fall no lower That can bothe worken wel and hastille.

This must be done at leisure parfaitly.

-Chaucer. There is na workernar

I am not now in fortune's power

am not now in fortune's power:

He that is down can fell no lower That can bothe worken wel and hastille. This must be done at leisure parfailly.

When a man has no good reason for do ing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone,-Walter Scott.

LITTLE GIFFIN.

To the Editor of The Republic. I HAVE to-day read a request from "Constant Reader" that you publish an old poem called "Little Griffin of Tennessee." I inclose a poem "Little Giffln," and think it must be the poem desired, I found it in a book called "Southern Selections."

ALETHEA RINGO. Kirksville, Mo. Out of the focal and foremost fire! Out of the hospital walls, as dire! Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene; Eighteenth battle, and he, sixteen-

Spectre! such as you seidom see-

Little Giffin of Tennessee! "Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said-Little the doctor can help the dead!-So we took him!-and brought him where

The balm was sweet in the summer air; And we laid him down on a wholesome Utter Lazarus, heel to head! And we watched the war with bated Skeleton boy against skeleton death.

Months of torture, how many such. Weary weeks of the stick and crutch; And still a glint of steel-blue eye Told of a spirit that wouldn't die!

And didn't-may, more!-in death's despite, The crippled skeleton "learned to write!" "Dear Mother," at first, of course-and then, "Dear Captain"; inquiring about the men. "Dear Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five, Captain's answer: "Of eigh "Giffin and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war one day: Johnston pressed at the front, they say. Little Giffin was up and away! A tear—his first—as he bade good-by, Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye. "Til write, if spared!" there was news of But none of Giffin! He did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I king Of the princely knights of the golden With the song of the minstrel in mine ear.
And the tender legend that trembles here, I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry
For Little Giffin of Tennessee!
—F. O. Ticknor.

warded to the undersigned? Very respect- | LEGEND OF THE MRS. G. S. CAMPBELL

The address is not known in this office,

girl by an army officer whose name we do not know? Your Famous Poems and Little Classics are much enjoyed.

TEN OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

To the Editor of The Republic.

There is a little poem I would like you to print for the benefit of your readers. I can only recall a few lines: an only recall a few lines:

Write to me very often,

Write to me very soon,

Letters to me are dearer

Than loveliest flowers in June.

Respectfully, one of your readers,

MRS. H.

Will you please publish in your Sunday's issue the old songs "Barbara Allen" and "Paul Vane," the companion to "Lorena"? I would like also the complete quotation and author of the following verse:
"He's no sapling chance sown by the

Ised by Senator George G. Vest in nis speech nominating Richard P. Bland, at the Chicago convention. Linneus, Mo. A. D. PHILLIPS.

Will you publish the poem, "We Will Meet Upon the Level and Part Upon the Square"? Where can I find in print the oration delivered by W. H. Mayo at the funeral of George Frank Gauley? The remains were shipped east and accompanied by W. H. Mayo, who delivered the oration at the place or town of interment.

Bell City, Mo. W. L. McCRAY.

Bell City, Mo.

I am a regular reader of the Dally Republic, and it is my favorite of all the great dailies. I am greatly interested in the famous-poem page of the Sunday edition. Will you please tell me what author it was that "Ik Marvel" spoke of as doing him so much good in his preface to "Dream

To the Editor of The Republic. One of the teachers in the city schools some years ago published a poem, I believe the title was "Mary and Martha." The last line of each stanza ends, I believe, with the words: "A Mary in the house of God; a Martha in her own." It attracted a great deal of attention at the time locally and was extensively printed by the papers in the country. Will you kindly ask the readers of The Republic to send it to you and reprint it in the Sunday paper. EDNA WALLACE. 1702 Mississippi avenue, St. Louis.

REQUEST FOR ADDRESS. IF the address of Major J. McKinstry, who was United States Provost Marshal of St. during the Civil War, is known information please be for

fully yours.

but if sent in will be published.

LORENA. THE Republic wishes to thank the follow copy of "Lorena"; Captain Joseph Boyce, St. Louis, for "Lorena"; J. M. D., Lawrence, Kas., for "Lorena"; Triny Tanner, Bowling Green, Mo., for a copy of "The

Louis, for "Little Giffin of Tennessee." The years creep slowly by Lorena, The snow is on the grass again.
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena, The frost gleams where the flowers have

Cottage by the Sea"; Mrs. N. E. Fish, St.

been; But the heart throbs as warmly now As when the summer days were nigh. Oh the sun can never dip so low Adown affection's cloudless sky. A hundred months have passed, Lorent

Since last I held that hand in mine.

And felt that pulse beat fast, Lorena,

A hundred months-'twas flowery May,

When up the hilly slope we climbed, To watch the dying of the day. And hear the distant church bells We loved each other then, Lorena, More than we ever dared to tell; And what we might have been, Lorena Had but our lovings prospered well— But then 'twas past, the years are gone

I'll not call up their shadowy forms,

Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storm. The story of that past, Lorena, Alas, I care not to repeat The hopes that could not last, Lorena, They lived, but only lived to cheat, I would not cause e'en one regret To rankle in your bosom now For "if we try we may forget" Were the words of thine long years ago.

I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on,

Yes, they were words of thine, Lorena; They burn within my menory yet. They touch some tender cords, Lorena, Which thrill and tremble with regret; 'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke Thy heart was always true to me; A duty, stern and pressing, broke The tie which linked my soul with thes.

It matters little now, Lorena, hands will soon lie low, Lorena, Life's tide is ebbing cut so fast.
There is a future. Oh thank God,
Of life this is so small a part,
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,

PINE AND OAK. Frem the Journal of American Folk Lore. MR. PINE-TREE and Mr. Oak-tree used to be great friends and live in peace side by side; well, Mr. Oak-tree he got jealous of Mr. Pine-tree 'cause Mr. Pine-tree he keep his fine green clothes on all winter; but jest as sure as cold weather come Mr. ing persons for responses to requests for poems: A. D. Phillips, Linneus, Mo., for a copy of "Lorcua"; Captain Joseph Boyce, and his family with just a few faded old clothes on their backs, while his neighbor, Mr. Pine-tree and his family, stand up

> Mr. Oak-tree he grow more jealous year by year, but he keep it all to hisself, 'caso Mr. Oak-tree he don't know just what he One year the ne

proudful with all their fine green clothes

going do about it.

One year the people was looking for a place to have the camp-meeting. Now they always have the camp-meeting on big grove hill, where Mr. Oak-tree and Mr. Pine-tree grow side by side, and Mr. Oak-tree and Mr. Pine-tree, both powerful prideful, 'case they have camp-meeting there.

But one time the people come, and instead of placing round the seats and breshin' up the grounds, they go 'bout tearing everything up and toting them over in the big pine grove, where Mr. Pine-tree live all by hisself.

Mr. Oak-tree he hear the people talking.

live all by hisself.

Mr. Oak-tree he hear the people talking, and they say it am much nicer in Mr. Pinetree's house, 'case he have a nice carpet on the ground, while Mr. Oak-tree's house all covered with dirty old leaves.

Well, it nigh 'bout break Mr. Oak-tree's heart, that it do, 'deed and double 'deed it do; and Mr. Wind, he done see how Mr. Oak-tree drooping and mourning, and Mr. Wind he ask Mr. Oak-tree what his trouble.

Mr. Oak-tree he tell Mr. Wind all 'bout Mr. Oak-tree he tell Mr. Wind all 'bout it, and Mr. Wind he say to Mr. Oak-tree it, and Mr. Wind he say to Mr. Oak-tree; "Cheer up, cheer up!" and Mr. Wind he tell Mr. Oak-tree how he going help him get the best of Mr. Pine-tree. So all winter Mr. Wind, every day, and all enduring the night, he take the dirty old leaves from Mr. Oak-tree's floor and carry them all over and spread them all over Mr. Pine-tree's fine carpet. Mr. Pine-tree he don't like it, but he can't help hisself: 'cause what Mr. Wind want to do he going to do it, Mr. Wind is.

But when camp-meeting time come, Mr. Oak-tree he stand there, and he see the people come and rake off his leaves, what Mr. Wind done carry on Mr. Pine-tree's

Mr. Wind done carry on Mr. Pine-tree's carpet.

Then Mr. Oak-tree he say he can't bear it no more, and Mr. Oak-tree he tell Mr. Pine-tree how they can't live together no more; and Mr. Oak-tree he say, he will go to the plains and Mr. Pine-tree can go to the mountain; or he say: "Will Mr. Pine-tree take the plains and let Mr. Oak-tree go to the mountains?" Mr. Pine-tree he low how he will take the plains and let Mr. Oak-tree go to the mountains; and Mr. Oak-tree he go to the mountains; and Mr. Oak-tree he so to the plains and Mr. Oak-tree he take the up country, and they don' live together no more. But they still on the watch-out; for when Mr. Oak-tree leave a field, direct-

ly here come Mr. Pine-tree, and when M Pine-tree leave a field, sure enough up on Mr. Oak-tree; but they don't live togeth

SATIRE ON SOCIETY.

"THE Charge of the Four Hundreds the satire published in The Smart Bet, was written by Mrs. Laura Fitz Hugh Lance, now of New York. Following are son forceful lines from the poem: Oh, wonderful Astoria. To you I sing a gloria! What tavern here or o'er the sea What tavers here or o'er the sea.

Compares with you in luxury?

The old, the young, the good, the bad,

The solemn giddy, serious, giad,

All of greeate within your walls;

Tis there the Smart Set gives its balls;

Tis there all series of schemes are hatch

And many matches are unmatched,

Society's a funny thing. From enaut always suffering. Its matrons take up every fad. And folly unto folly add. They imitate embrage joys;
The clog dance, with its dirt and noise;
The skirt dance, with its pretty hints;
The cake-waik-done in gauze, not chint
And what may be, not what it should—
Why, that's the very thing that's good.

The circus has its counterpa The circus has its counterpart
In pelo, and men think it smart
To race around a tankark ring
And set the world to wondering
Why it the difference cannot see
Twixt tweedledum and tweedledes;
And they have rooms devoted to
Bridge, baccarat and poker, too,
And rouge-et-noir; and women play
And gamble our respect away.

Then, orce a year, there is the show Where all the world and horses go; Where women, draped in lace and gem With dollars stitched in tucks and hen Whose glowing offseks make Beauty bis At such misuse of paint and bush, hit stared at and, by some, admired; And what they wear and do is wired at the treathers haste to Western towns That ape their manners, ways and gow!

The season of the waistless gown— The Opera—comes next to town; To this the whole Astoria goes In many gems and scanty clothes; 'This there we see most brilliant things Great diamond stomachers and rings That make the dullest creature bright, Indeed, a "great and shluing light!" Of worth are these the evidence? It's luck the Horseshoe represents!

Oh, queen of contrariety—
Whom mortals call Society—
Tou fraud! You mocking, shocking thing!
Far better is your cruel sting
Than all your kisses, for we know
They hold a poison, keen, though slew,
Why don't you try to make true friends,
And use your power for noble ends?
But no! You do the very things
For which outniders get your slings!
For which outniders get your slings! For which outsiders get your at You network of hypocrisy, Misnamed the aristocracy! What are you but a great prete An ever-growing great expense? What is it but an endiess sirife And worry to enjoy "high iff," And when you fall in that long Who for your death an hour wi When your enfranchiped, searing who for your enfranchiped.